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THE COMMONWEAL

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

What Sort of Détente?

OVER THE YEARS Winston Churchill's characterization of the Soviet Union as a riddle wrapped in an enigma has stood up well. The outside world has had its periodic glimpses of the voluble Mr. Khrushchev, and Soviet participation in the debates at the United Nations has proved somewhat enlightening as well. There has also been a slight increase in the number of visitors between our respective countries and in cultural exchanges.

If all this has not added substantially to our knowledge, changes in the Russian stance since the Cuban confrontation of a year ago appear firm and consistent enough to permit one convincing conclusion: Mr. Khrushchev realizes that the USSR's objectives in the world cannot be attained through a thermonuclear war in which both sides would be the loser. As long as the German question remains unsettled, there will be noticeable vacillations in cordiality (Soviet-American relations are a bit on the cooler side right now). But because a major war is barred in Soviet calculations, the prospect is happily for a continuing political détente.

It is more difficult to determine the full extent of this change in mood. To what extent is it reflected toward those whom the Communists consider their deadly ideological adversaries, the Christian churches, for example. On that terrain also there have been a number of encouraging signs. The presence of Russian Orthodox representatives at both sessions of the Council is one of them, most assuredly. The visit of Khrushchev's son-in-law to Pope John is another. Archbishop Slipyi of Lvov has been released after eighteen years' imprisonment—and likewise Archbishop Beran of Russia's Czechoslovak satellite. It might seem that a new era of good feeling is setting in all round.

To reach such a conclusion one would have to be in the dark regarding a change that has been taking place within the Soviet Union. There is scattered but mounting evidence from behind the Iron Curtain that the Khrushchev regime is engaged in a renewed, systematic effort to suppress religion. Doubtless it is not as ruthless in the matter as Communist China, where a recent French visitor found Christianity to have all but disappeared.

THANKS to Dr. Donald A. Lowrie of the Information Center on Soviet Affairs, and others, certain revealing statistics are at hand. It is hardly surprising that the Russian Orthodox Church itself is most fearful when one realizes that between 1959 and 1962 half of the remaining Orthodox churches in the Soviet Union have been closed down by the authorities. This includes four cathedrals. Only eight churches are still open in Leningrad. During the same period thirty of the sixty-seven monasteries still in existence were closed down. The five Orthodox seminaries that are left suffer from repeated harassments. Only one printing, of 50,000 copies, of the Orthodox Bible has been permitted.

The number of Roman Catholics in Russia itself is limited, but some inkling of their fate may be obtained from the fact that since 1940 over three hundred churches have been closed in Lithuania alone. *Pravda* boasts that in the past three years over two hundred churches and houses of prayer (mostly of Eastern Catholics) have been shut down in one Ukrainian province. The Baptists, who comprise the most numerous Russian Protestant sect, are permitted no seminaries but may send abroad one or two seminarians a year. The government will accuse evangelical ministers engaged in their calling of "idling" and send them off to Siberian work camps.

Perhaps because of traditional Russian anti-Semitism, the Jews in the USSR fare even worse. Only sixty-five synagogues remain open, one for all Leningrad, a big center of Jewish population. Jews may conduct no seminaries or produce editions of their religious books or religious articles; no Hebrew Scripures have been printed in Russian since 1917.

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Local groups are not permitted to join other local groups or affiliate with Jewish organizations abroad. In the past two years public baking of matzos for the Passover has been forbidden.

The Jews in Soviet Russia find themselves under attack for being Zionists; the Moslems there are charged with Pan-Slavism. The Buddhists in the far reaches do not escape either. Any belief in God is the target as outmoded and inimical to the progress of the socialist state. In this renewed drive for atheism the Komsomol youth organization and the official labor unions are believed to have key roles. "Atheistic education of the working people is one of the most important tasks in the formation of a scientific view of life."

All this serves as a dramatic reminder of the intensity with which the Soviet Union seeks its aims—of world domination as well as of a totalitarian, atheistic commonwealth. It would indicate that we and the Soviets can reach binding agreements only on matters both find to be advantageous. There is no choice in these thermonuclear times but to seek for these most assiduously. But any full-fledged, wholehearted détente has to wait for the indefinite future.

Uncertain Prospect for Vietnam

OF ALL the vexing international problems in recent months, none has compared with Vietnam for sheer murkiness and confusion. At their best, the news reports coming out of Saigon have been contradictory and fragmentary. At their worse, they have been misleading and propagandistic. As if the political situation was not difficult enough to comprehend, the religious issue—summed up in that frequent identification of President Diem's regime as "Roman Catholic"—added one more alley to an already complex maze. Yet for all the uncertainty of where precisely the truth lay, there was a widespread consensus (which we shared) that the Diem regime should be replaced. No one argued that it was a popular government or an efficient one; the most that could be said was that there were no apparent alternatives in sight.

Now, by virtue of a military coup, an alternative has emerged, thus fulfilling the prophecy of some observers that the attitude and loyalty of the army to President Diem would prove to be the key to the fate of his rule. So far, however, nothing has resulted from the coup which would justify a solid judgment on the likelihood of a stable Vietnamese government. On the positive side, the leader of the "Military Revolutionary Committee," Lieutenant General Duong Van Minh, apparently has the respect of those American soldiers and diplomats who have, over the years, come to know him. As for the newly designated Premier, Nguyen Ngoc Tho, he must, until there is some evidence to the contrary, be assumed to be only a figurehead.

The most obvious negative note is the unhappy and unnecessary killing of President Diem and his brother, Ngo Dinh Nhu. The official account of their deaths, the one put forth by the military junta, was suicide. That was simply an outright lie, and a particularly implausible one at that. They were, in fact, murdered—and, worse still, apparently on the orders of someone in the junta. Whatever his failings as an administrator, whatever his weaknesses as a leader of his people, Ngo Dinh Diem was a good, courageous, idealistic man, one who had rendered great services to his country in the critical years just after 1954. He deserved a far better fate, even if in the end he did not deserve the Presidency.

Because of that killing, some degree of skepticism about the new leadership is in order. A change was needed. A change was made. For all that, there is no reason to apply different standards to the military rulers than to the Diem family. That they are anti-Communist is to the good; but that does not mean they have the right to run roughshod over the people's liberties. So far, there have been no indications that they intend to do so. But neither have they announced any plans to establish a legally representative government. For the moment, one can do no more than suspend judgment and await the next development. The war in Vietnam must be won, but it remains to be seen whether that goal can be achieved in a way which is just, humane and sensitive to human rights.

The Place of Mary

A LITTLE over a year ago, Father Gregory Baum, O.S.A., wrote in these pages ("Conflicts and the Council," Sept. 21, 1963) that the Marian and the Liturgical movements serve as a paradigm of two vital, but different, trends in recent Catholic theology. Though complementary to each other, Marian piety is prone to stress the personal and the individual, while liturgical piety emphasizes the corporate and the social; the former "creates a special climate for personal conversion from sin," the latter is more "sensitive to the collective renewal of the Church as a whole." In addition, Father Baum wrote, the Marian movement tends to give greater weight to "the directives of the Catholic hierarchy than to the Scriptures and liturgy as the great source of inspiration for a vigorous Catholic life."

If the recent vote of the Council Fathers is any

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indication, it would now appear that they have resolved this dilemma in favor of what Father Baum called "the collective renewal of the Church as a whole." By a vote of 1,114 to 1,074, the Fathers decided to include their exposition of the Blessed Mother's place in the economy of salvation in the schema "On the Church" rather than in a separate schema. The very closeness of the vote, however, is indicative of significant differences among the assembled bishops on the issue. And it is by no means a matter of interest only to theologians.

Though usually denied prior to the Council, the Fathers now appear ready to recognize that devotion to Mary has, in some places, usurped the primacy of devotion to Christ. Though Catholic theory has ever made the necessary distinctions, popular practice and sometimes even certain theological expressions have served to obscure them. The frequent complaint of liturgists that in some churches the side-altar is more prominent, better cared for, and more beautifully decorated than the center altar is a case in point of a seemingly minor practical discrepancy with important theological implications. At the very least, it lends support to the contention of Father Yves Congar that some types of Marian piety conceal a latent monophysitism—as if Christ's humanity is forgotten, as if Christ cannot be approached directly.

Unfortunately, to judge from the reports from Rome, many theologians argued for the inclusion of a statement on Mary in the schema "On the Church" for ecumenical reasons. No doubt the ecumenical consequences of the Church's understanding of Mary's prerogatives are of tremendous importance. Nonetheless, it seems to us that the matter is one of even greater significance for Catholic theological understanding and spirituality. There have been excesses in the kind of homage many Catholics offer to Mary. Part of the renewal of the Church ought to encompass their removal. Nothing whatever should be done to lessen the traditional dignity of the Blessed Virgin. At the same time, it should be made clear beyond the possibility of popular Catholic or non-Catholic confusion that in Christ is our salvation.

Another Extension

ONCE AGAIN the long struggle to gain a measure of justice for domestic migrant laborers has met a setback just at the point when victory seemed assured. The House of Representatives has reversed itself, voting 173 to 158 to extend for another year an objectionable law that keeps the migrant-labor market flooded, to the advantage of the major growers, and to the despair of the thousands of domestic migrants who must work for incredibly low wages.

The law, P.L. 78, allows the importation of hundreds of thousands of Mexican workers. It was passed during the manpower shortage of the Korean War, extended again and again through the political pressure of the growers. The law gives the growers tremendous leverage. The bracero, or Mexican worker, can afford to work for a few cents an hour. When he takes his stake back to Mexico in the winter, it can amount to quite a bit in terms of the Mexican economy. For the domestic laborer, who must pay U.S. prices all year round, Mexican competition means working at a starvation level—when he can find a job at all.

The House voted early this year not to extend P.L. 78, but in August the Senate voted another extension, though with reservations. Now the House has apparently assured another extension by a one-year approval, with no reservations at all. The growers have argued, not very convincingly, that they need one more year to prepare for use of domestic instead of imported labor.

Perhaps. And so for one more year—a year of probable five percent unemployment—we will have government-regulated importation of labor we don't need at the expense of domestic workers who already constitute the most depressed segment of the labor force.

Korth and Baker

THE KORTH and Baker cases, and a number of lesser unrelated matters, have triggered another spasm of soul-searching on the subject of political morality. As usual, there is widespread, if unfocused, indignation; the inevitable call for tighter conflict-of-interest laws; and a desire to bare the fullness of scandal, preferably in the other fellow's political party.

The Korth case appears to be a relatively simple one, especially when compared with the Baker affair. Mr. Korth was indeed indiscreet in using Navy stationery and a Navy yacht for personal business. By moving quickly, the President was able to blunt criticism of the Administration and even get away with seeming to dismiss the whole matter at a press conference. And by the rules of the game he was entitled to. Viewing the press conference darkly, Arthur Krock thought he saw the Administration veering from its high moral commitment. But the President could hardly have been expected to be the one to call "scandal," particularly when the affair was minor and had already been punished.

If the Korth case faded from sight without much

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illuminating discussion on the ethics of Washington give and take, the Baker case is less likely to do so. At this writing few hard facts are known, Baker is as yet charged with nothing specific, and even the tabloids are finding it difficult to squeeze a sensational headline out of the many tantalizing elements in the case. The central question is how did a bright young man, working at the heart of the Senate establishment, manage to accumulate $2 million?

Other interesting items in the news are the 6-day cruise to the Bahamas taken by New York State officials at the expense of a bank interested in passing certain state laws; and Secretary of Labor Willard Wirtz' reception for Democratic Senator Harrison Williams, which, according to critics, involved pressure on lobbyists and others having business with the Labor Department to swell campaign contributions by taking $100-tickets to the affair. Williams is an able Democrat the Administration would very much like to have re-elected next year, and many of the invitees (like many of the donors in the drugs-for-Cuban-prisoners campaign) felt their future dealings with the Administration were involved.

What is regrettable in the recurring scandals and pseudo-scandals is the lack of any accepted standard by which to judge them. Pork-barreling, high-powered lobbying practices, and the Congressman's struggle to keep local firms supplied with defense contracts, who in turn keep *him* supplied with campaign funds—these are regarded as acceptable expressions of the truism that politics is the art of exchanging favors. Yet many of us would be at a loss to explain how certain scandals differ essentially from accepted Washington practice. One man's "bribe" is another man's "innocent token of thanks," and the outrage that follows a press-certified scandal is rarely followed in turn by examination of general Washington standards.

NEWS & VIEWS

After You, Alphonse

EVERYONE seems to have won something with the compromise rights bill approved by the House Judiciary Committee.

Negro and civil rights leaders can rejoice—although not openly—in the emergence of reasonably strong and comprehensive rights legislation, not only approved in committee but blessed by the Administration and supported by a bipartisan coalition of Congressmen. The Southerners in Congress can be grateful for a bill extreme enough to make the rhetoric they would have used in any case seem now to be a trifle less hysterical. The "moderates"—the great majority who want whatever boat they're in to be rocked as little as possible—can claim an endorsement of their "cooler" thinking in the generally favorable reaction to the compromise bill both in and out of Congress. Most notably of all, perhaps, President Kennedy has been able to move back to his favorite position in the middle of the road: the man in the middle gets jostled from both left and right, but at least he is not an open target.

Somebody has to take the vanguard in moving public opinion to new positions, of course. But if that is axiomatic, it is also axiomatic that those in the van have an extremely short political life expectancy. Thus Mr. Kennedy's aversion to leading except when there are plenty of people in front of him. In the maneuvering on the civil rights bill, as with the tax cut and medicare, the President's call to arms was followed by a retreat which has become characteristic, a gradual drifting from the head of the column back to a place in the center of the ranks. The standard this time was left for such firebrands as Reps. Lindsay (R.) of New York and Celler (D.) of Brooklyn.

Whether such caution is excessive is a matter of judgment. That there is growing white discomfort under the pressures of Negro militancy seems clear enough—from the recent *Newsweek* poll, from Mr. Kennedy's chilly reception in Philadelphia, from press reports all over the nation. And the latest election results, not yet in at this writing, should supply additional data. The liberal quarrel with the President is not, however, on his reading of the data but on his unwillingness to take the risk of creating new data.

As for the bill itself, most of the outcry over the "extremism" of the original version tended to be irrelevant. In the first place, even the revised provisions were not so extraordinary that they had not been advocated years ago. Further, it was understood from the beginning that the final bill would be the result of much bargaining and amendment, and the proponents of the "drastic" bill argued plausibly that bargaining always proceeds from what one asks to what one will accept. The claim that an "extreme" bill would provoke Southern opposition overlooked the fact that any civil rights bill whatsoever would meet Southern opposition and would have to be compromised to get by that opposition.

Finally, extremism is a relative term, and the reactions to the subcommittee bill seem to have been affected by the present lull in the racial struggle. A bloody riot or two, in the style of Birmingham, might very quickly make such a bill appear to be no more than a minimal response to a national emergency.

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In any case, the prospects of the compromise bill are not bad at all. Bipartisan support should get it through the Rules Committee and House passage without serious trouble. And while the Administration and many Senators might be tempted to fight for the bill but not too hard—so as to get credit for trying and still not lose too many friends—the best guess is that they will decide such a course would be too dangerous. Despite the recent quiet, racial disturbances could explode at any time, and nobody wants a crisis in an election year, at least nobody who's in office. Some kind of rights bill, then, seems possible, even probable for this year. That's something.

RICHARD HORCHLER

Incident at a College

THE *Bulletin* of the AAUP (Association of American University Professors) is generally a sober publication, but the current issue carries a report by the Association's Committee on Academic Freedom which seems to combine elements of Kafka's *The Trial* and Amis' *Lucky Jim*. Signed by some of the nation's most respected professors, the report outlines the Association's reasons for censuring the administration of Mercy College, a small liberal arts school for women conducted by the Sisters of Mercy in Detroit.

The motion of censure resulted from a three-year investigation of Mercy's dismissal of English Professor Austin J. Shelton, Jr., on the grounds that he was "not representative of either the goals or spirit of a Catholic college." Dr. Shelton's dismissal had come in the form of a telegram from Mercy's President, Sister Mary Lucille, R.S.M., which gave him only twenty-four hours' notice. When he appeared on campus the following day he found posted notices of the cancellation of his classes and two private policemen stationed near his door to prevent students from communicating with him.

The AAUP experienced considerable difficulty in investigating the case since Mercy's administration refused to discuss the affair with Association representatives and referred all inquiries to the school's lawyer. Moreover, the Association could not find a single faculty member, lay or religious, who was willing to discuss the matter on or off campus. A further difficulty was the fact that Dr. Shelton was never afforded academic due process. He never had the opportunity to have the charges against him clearly explained, to testify in his own defense before a faculty committee and a board of administrators, or to question adverse witnesses.

Nevertheless, the AAUP was able finally to identify the major sources of the administration's grievance with Professor Shelton: the publication in 1959 of his novel *Brood of Fury*. It was "filthy," concluded a Catholic women's club. When informed of this finding, Sister Mary Lucille consulted "the Jesuit chairman of an English department at a large university," and the learned Jesuit wrote her that Shelton's "handling of the sex situation is one of the worst examples I have seen of over-detail and complete lack of anything like a spiritual dimension of the whole marriage relationship." For all that, the book was favorably reviewed for *Best Sellers* by the lay chairman of another Jesuit English department. What seems to have been the determining factor in bringing about Shelton's dismissal, however, was an interview in a local newspaper which characterized the novelist as a "colorful, Hemingwayesque character" and commented on his alcohol and tobacco consumption.

The high-handed abuse of academic freedom at Mercy College can hardly be viewed as typical of the state of affairs at most Catholic colleges in America (though there are doubtless some who would argue that it is not typical because other Catholic schools have developed more sophisticated and less legally complicated means of intimidation than the blunt notice of dismissal). Nevertheless, intimidation and repression continue to be problems on some Catholic campuses.

At first glance, the AAUP would appear to be in an excellent position to deal with such abuses—particularly since clerical administrators have sometimes shown a greater tendency to be moved by the force of public opinion than by the appeals of their own faculty. Ironically, however, membership statistics show that professors on the Catholic campus have traditionally lagged behind their counterparts on the secular campus in supporting the Association.

In part, this is because clerical administrations have shown no great enthusiasm for cooperating with the AAUP. In part, too, many professors in the Catholic schools are themselves the products of obedience-obsessed Catholic colleges. When the Rector of Catholic University this fall recommended that his students develop an attitude of "docility" toward those in authority and eschew "independence of spirit," he did not necessarily speak for a minority viewpoint among Catholic administrators.

Yet the chief responsibility for not supporting the AAUP lies with the lay professor himself. Perhaps the Mercy College affair will make clear the service the AAUP can render to the Catholic college system, and to those lay professors who now show a greater willingness to place loyalty to principle and their profession before loyalty to a particular institution or set of clerical administrators.

FRANCIS E. KEARNS

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Meanwhile, Back at Home

NOW THAT I am back in the United States, I do not find it easy to sort out my impressions of the opening weeks of the Ecumenical Council. Rome is a wonderfully exciting city, and what better time to be there than with the Ecumenical Council in session? If I tend to be more optimistic about the Council than some reporters, then, charge it off to a love affair with the Eternal City.

The conciliar debate on the schema *De Ecclesia* does illustrate, though, why some in Rome are a little pessimistic about the progress of the Council. Despite the widespread conviction during the first few weeks that everything was being said two and three times over, the progressives in the Council are by temperament and conviction opposed to hampering free debate and discussion. Yet, to balance this, the fear in Rome is that time is on the side of those in the Curia who have never favored the new spirit of the Council—"the prophets of doom," as Pope John called them.

A good example of this point is provided by the Theological Commission. The draft of *De Ecclesia* which the Council Fathers have been debating is itself a revised version of the original draft which was rejected as too legalistic and too juridical, and the progressives are still intent on rewriting parts of it by amendment from the floor. But the Theological Commission is far behind in its task of incorporating these revisions, and the fear among the progressives is that Cardinal Ottaviani and his allies are dragging their feet deliberately, in order to slow down the progress of the entire Council.

Another problem is the unfamiliarity of some of the concepts that are showing up in the schemata. In the case of collegiality, for example, Father Congar pointed out that this idea has been retrieved from obscurity only in the last few years. On this as on other matters, the problem is to open as many doors as possible without unwittingly closing others. If the bishops share a wider authority in the Church than was previously thought, for example, how does their expanded role allow for the exercise of public opinion in the Church? Are the faithful to be consulted, and how? How does increased authority for the bishop affect not only the layman but religious orders in his diocese? This entire matter must be handled in such a way that exploration and development by the theologians is still possible.

Those sections dealing with the laity provide another good example. At this stage in the life of the Church, no one can say with any certainty just what forms the layman's participation could or should take. Much can be said about the rightness and necessity of his fuller participation, and this should be done. But if the temptation to cross every t and dot every i is not resisted, we could find ourselves locked into rigid forms which will be out of date almost before they are written. Saying too much is at least as dangerous as saying too little.

The problems, then, are real, and they tend to look a little more foreboding now that I am out of the heady atmosphere of Rome. Nonetheless, I remain essentially optimistic, and this optimism was reinforced by the recent strong indications that the Council proceedings will henceforth be speeded up. The progressives will not get everything they want—who could reasonably expect that they would? But I am convinced that the essential cause of reform and renewal is unbeatable and that we can expect great things from the Council.

A more serious problem, it seems to me, involves the extent to which we at home are ready for the changes the Council will make. It is already clear, for example, that the Council Fathers intend a sweeping reform of the Liturgy, including widespread concessions to the vernacular and other means of insuring fuller participation by the laity. But what will these changes mean in those parishes, and indeed entire dioceses, which have steadfastly ignored the spirit of the liturgical reforms we have received in recent years?

The concept of collegiality stresses that bishops have a duty to the whole Church in addition to their work in their own particular diocese. But in a country where it was never thought strange for rich parishes to ignore the needs of poor parishes only a few miles away, are the rest of us ready for drastic calls on "our" money and religious vocations for the sake of the Universal Church?

"Public opinion" is indispensable for the health of the Church, as Father Karl Rahner has pointed out so well. But what happens if the "public" has precious few opinions on the life of the Church, one way or the other? It is vital that the faithful be consulted, Cardinal Newman argued most cogently. But what happens if those to be consulted have nothing to say? And can we in the United States claim even today that Catholic higher education is producing people prepared for a vastly expanded role in the life of the Church?

The modern Popes have pleaded year in and year out for greater lay involvement. But what happens if pastors and priests are completely untrained in utilizing lay talents in the work of the Church? What do we do if we find that most laymen cannot visualize any more meaningful Christian vocation than ushering on Sunday or raising money for the parochial school?

These are random examples, but they illustrate my point. I am, in short, reasonably optimistic on what is going on in Rome. My worry is about what is and has been happening—or failing to happen—right here at home.

JAMES O'GARA

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Arab World in Ferment: The Scorpion and the Frog

GABRIEL GERSH

THE GREEKS, with their taste for logic and clarity, had a special name for treachery. But the Arabs, with their passion for rhetoric, prefer to tell a story about it—and it is one of their more agreeable characteristics that they are not above relating from time to time a story against themselves.

Such a tale concerns a scorpion and a frog who wanted to cross the Jordan River. "Please, brother frog," said the scorpion, "I can't swim. Will you not carry me over on your back?" At first the cautious frog refused, fearing that the scorpion would sting him, and he would drown. "Don't be silly," replied the scorpion, "if I did that we would both drown." So the frog was persuaded, and in a spirit of brotherhood carried the scorpion on his back into the river. Suddenly, in midstream, the scorpion stung the frog and as they were swept away in the rushing waters the frog cried in agony, "Why did you do that? Now we shall both drown!" And the scorpion replied, as he went down for the last time, "Why are you so surprised? After all—we're both Arabs!"

In the bewildering story of modern Arab politics it seems sometimes as if every Arab were, indeed, both a scorpion and a frog, each responding nobly to the call of Arab brotherhood, but each is apt to sting his brother at a critical moment. Perhaps the best example was the fate that overtook the first United Arab Republic and the recent attempt to form a second one. The first U.A.R., founded in 1958 when the Syrians appealed to Gamal Abdul Nasser to rescue them from the threat of a Communist coup, was shattered three years ago when the same people rebelled, having discovered that Nasser had imposed an authoritarian regime on the country. The second attempt to form a U.A.R. was the result of the Baath-led revolution in Syria and Iraq early this year. On April 17, amid avowals of eternal Arab brotherhood, Nasser and the Baathist leaders in Syria and Iraq signed a five-thousand-word pact proclaiming a federation of forty million Arabs from the Nile to the Tigris that was to be the basis of eventual Arab unity embracing Islamic republics from the Atlantic to the Persian Gulf.

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This grandiose design survived for just fourteen weeks, then sundered upon Nasser's insistence that he should rule the federation in general, and in particular that Syria should once more become an Egyptian satellite, as it was between 1958 and 1961. Skeptics were little surprised by this turn of events, for, after all, they said, look what happened to the Arab League—that loose contrivance of the British which was intended to bring together the sovereign states of the Arab world in political and economic cooperation. Its members have spent most of their time since 1945 in futile bickering.

Then there was the Federation of Arab States between Iraq and Jordan, which lasted barely four months in 1958 before it was destroyed by the late General Kassem's revolution in Iraq. The amity that was then proclaimed between Baghdad and Cairo was forgotten within a year—and look what afterwards happened to General Kassem! Or consider King Saud, who agreed with Egypt and Syria to help Jordan's King Hussein in 1957, when the British had withdrawn from Jordan after Suez, but was accused twelve months later of trying to assassinate Nasser by shooting down his airplane. This spring King Saud was alleging that enemies unspecified were trying to shoot *him* down.

IT IS NOT a pretty or encouraging picture. Yet the Arab urge to unity is based on a feeling more profound than any which now unites the European Common Market countries, for it is a feeling for a common language and a common tenor of life. Colloquial Arabic is spoken by perhaps eighty million people in the Arab lands between the Atlantic and the Persian Gulf; and although its forms differ more than does the spoken English of, say, a Welsh miner from that of an Appalachian hillbilly, it is always recognizably the same language.

Above all, Arabic is still the holy language of Islam, and specifically in its classical form, the language of the Koran. Its meanings and symbols are woven into the fabric of Arab life to an extent difficult for a Westerner to appreciate; for where, like the Greeks, we tend to have a name for things—distinguishing, categorizing, separating one thing from another, as we

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separate the spiritual from the temporal aspect of life—the Arabs are likely to draw things together and to establish unities through a complex inheritance of linguistic and religious cross references.

This makes Arabic an evocative language, but not always a precise one. It is, you may suspect, as you listen to the almost hypnotic rhythms and repetitions of any competent Arab speaker, a language of feeling, of the storyteller and the prophet—and most Arab politicians tend to be a little of both.

For instance, when the crowds in Cairo's Republic Square cheer Nasser's latest proclamation about the wicked imperialists or the glories of Arab brotherhood, we may think they are engaged in communal self-deception. Perhaps so, for much of what Nasser says is often not strictly accurate; but to his audience the objective truth is probably less important than Nasser's projection of their feeling about themselves. Like a prophet, he gives them a vision of themselves as something greater than they are; and in the same way, when Egyptian singer Um Kalthum is heard in some revolutionary song on Cairo Radio, Bedouins around their transistor radios in the Arab desert one thousand miles away feel that she is singing of their feelings and visions too.

If Arabic and Islam constitute a sort of common nervous system for the Arabs, giving them a positive desire for unity, history has left them with a common feeling of humiliation in the modern world—a negative inspiration to self-assertion. Islam, they maintain, contains the final revelation of the nature of God, later in time and more profound than that of the Jewish and Christian prophets, including Jesus, and from this sprang, within a century, one of the greatest empires the world had ever seen. Yet scarcely was the Arab Empire established when it began to fall apart. From the ninth century onwards divisions, defeat and disillusionment overtook the Arabs, culminating, after four centuries of Turkish rule, in conquest and occupation by the Christian West.

The successes of the Arab Revolt under Col. Lawrence and Feisal in World War I proved ephemeral when the British and French divided the Arab world into spheres of influence between them and created the Jewish national home in Palestine, which was to become the hated state of Israel. Even when the crumbling of British power after 1945 gave the Arabs the opportunity to assert themselves at last, their own quarrels so undermined their joint effort to crush Israel at birth that the Jewish state emerged from the Palestine war in 1948 stronger than when she entered it. Since then Israel has remained as a perpetual irritant in the Arab world—one of the few things that Arabs can agree upon, but the one about which least can be done.

So Israel, like the British and other former colonial powers in the Middle East, has become an Arab scapegoat. Effectively isolated from the rest of the Middle East by the Arab blockade, she has prospered all the same, and when quarrels between Arab brothers prove especially bitter, Israel is attacked, along with British imperialists, reactionary stooges and other such half-mythical creatures.

By absolving the Arabs from actually doing anything about many of their problems, this acceptance of scapegoats has done great damage to their cause. But in justice to them we should recall that such events as the Anglo-French attack on Egypt in 1956, apparently in collusion with Israel, could not more clearly have confirmed their belief that the Western world was engaged, as usual, in a gigantic conspiracy against them. For, indeed, on that occasion, it was.

At present the positive and negative inspirations of Arab nationalism in the Middle East are personified by the Baath party and President Nasser. The Baath—whose name means renaissance—stand for the mystical concept of unity, of *'Aruba,'* or Arabism, throughout the Arab world. They are idealists, and their rise to power in Syria and Iraq last spring was their first unqualified success in practical politics. Nasser is much more the empiricist—the Egyptian nationalist who has exploited the wider appeal of Arab nationalism as much to increase his bargaining power in the world as for its own sake.

THE BAATH give Arabism its nearest approach to a coherent philosophy, but Nasser has given it concrete expression, because, unlike any other Arab leader, he has defied the West with impunity and in doing so has worked off some of the Arab sense of humiliation. In a sense, he has redeemed the failure of Islam; and certainly he has emerged, for most Arabs, as an almost Messianic figure who has bestowed new dignity on them all.

Nor are his achievements merely the product of violent words and secret agents, as some of his critics tend to believe. They are shrewdly rooted in Egypt's commanding position within the Arab world—and especially, and ironically, in that deep sense of Egyptian nationalism that derives from 5,000 years of history on the banks of the Nile. This has given to Egyptians a sense of identity that emerges, through all the shifting loyalities of Syrians and Iraqis—whose national boundaries are only forty years old—as the one sure, stable focus of Arab sentiment.

For a thousand years the greatest teaching center of Islam has been Cairo's Al Azhar University, and today Egyptian colleges produce probably more secular teachers, doctors, lawyers and technicians than all the rest of the Arab world combined. Egypt's newspapers, radio and television, her film and entertainment world, her modern industry, are all developed

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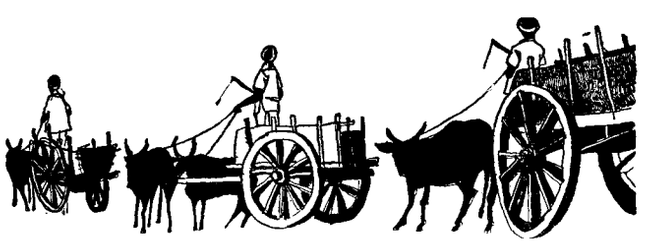
far beyond those of any other Arab state. And the relative stability and power of Egypt enables Nasser to negotiate with the other Arab leaders from a position of strength.

Whatever the outcome of the bitter quarrel between Nasser and the Baath leaders, the prospects for Arab unity are remote. The first U.A.R. and recently proposed Arab Union have failed because they were largely founded on the passionate rhetoric of unity and could not survive the reality of Arab differences. Although the blame for these differences was laid on the usual Arab scapegoats, it was a natural enough expression of such real divisions as are common and important, if not irreconcilable, throughout the Arab world.

For all their common heritage, the Arabs are far from united even in their approach to Islam. Like Christianity, Islam has produced its schisms: Sunni and Shi'ite in Iraq, for example, still mix uneasily together, and in Syria and Lebanon the heretical Druze maintain a sturdy independence of their orthodox neighbors. In Saudi Arabia, the puritan Wahhabis, led by the house of Saud, have persecuted and conquered other groups ever since the eighteenth century, and in Yemen the aristocratic Zeidis, who always provided the Imam until last year's revolution, are disliked by the Sunni tribes around them, which is one reason why the royalist counteraction there has never enjoyed the success that was claimed for it.

Christian and linguistic minorities, too, are often an irritant in predominantly Moslem and Arab-speaking societies. The Kurds of Iraq, though Moslem, speak Arabic reluctantly, if at all, and have sought repeatedly to create their own independent state in association with their fellow Kurds in Turkey and Iran. In Lebanon, on the other hand, half the population, though largely Arabic-speaking, embraces some form of the Christian faith. Here, an elaborate constitution has been devised to preserve a political balance, requiring the President always to be a Maronite Christian and the Prime Minister to be a Sunni Moslem. But this did not prevent the 1958 rebellion from degenerating into something close to a civil war, with Moslems on one side in support of Arab nationalism and President Nasser, and the Christians on the other, appealing to the West for help.

Certainly these religious differences are diminished in importance as the Arabs advance towards more contemporary forms of society. But perhaps we should not forget that the United States took nearly two hundred years of independence to elect its first Catholic President; and the schisms of Islam are not necessarily less persistent than those of Christianity, although they may be overtaken more quickly now by a more swiftly changing world.



ALREADY, the towns have taken over from the tribes the leadership in most of the Arab world. The romantic Bedouin, so beloved of the desert-struck Westerner, is a figure of small importance today in Egypt, Syria and Iraq. In Jordan he still forms the backbone of the army —a hangover from the days of Glubb Pasha, less than ten years ago—defending King Hussein against the angry impatience of dispossessed Palestinians in the towns and refugee camps. In Saudi Arabia his tribal leaders still support the royal house. But in the Saudi oilfields around Dhahran, in the growing suburbs of Amman, among the glittering new apartments and shining Cadillacs of Kuwait, in every Arab army from Syria to the South Arabian Federation, the process of detribalization is accelerating. It is the cities nowadays that call the tune, and the days of those who do not hear it are shortly numbered.

But the decay of the tribes brings new problems, both of economy and authority. As the nomads and peasants drift into the cities, the slums spread outward. As the kings and sheiks decline or are overthrown, their people must search for other forms of government to replace their traditional rule. In the Persian Gulf and southern Arabia, where British protection has maintained in power some twenty rulers over the last hundred years, this problem is now the most acute of British concerns in the Middle East.

What underlies these concerns is the existence of the world's greatest oil reserves within some of the world's smallest, and otherwise poorest, states. Two years ago, for instance, the ruler of Abu Dhabi had little more to his name than a mud palace, a falcon and a few thousand subjects in a sandy waste. Now he is on the way to an income from oil of probably ninety million dollars a year; and he is no doubt remembering with more than usual anxiety that in the last two hundred years only two of his predecessors seem to have died a natural death. Possibly his days are numbered, too—but what or who will replace him?

Logic suggests that for the most of the Persian Gulf, including Abu Dhabi, some sort of federation will be necessary, and experience in the rest of the Arab world indicates that a military regime may be the ultimate answer. Whatever their disagreements, the governments of Egypt, Syria and Iraq are based on the support of the army, and although the Baath in Syria and Iraq insist that their ultimate aim is to establish a parliamentary form of government, Nasser in Egypt remains committed to strictly authoritarian rule. Here is an obvious source of friction, and the problems surround-

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ing any extension of political unity in the Arab world are deep and daunting.

Assuming that the differences between the Baath and Nasser can be patched up, and that a fresh and more realistic attempt at unity is made, how, for instance, can Jordan and Saudi Arabia be brought into the fold, except by revolution? And if this is accomplished, what then? What precisely, except some common culture, does or can Algeria share with Egypt; or Egypt with Syria and Iraq, if it comes to that? Except in the most general terms, and insofar as they are rooted to some extent in the Arab character, the political, economic and social problems of the Arab states are not necessarily the same now that "imperialism" has been largely overcome. Certainly they will not be solved by resort to rhetoric or the simple passion for unity, any more than by blaming other people for the failures and setbacks that will surely come to the Arabs in the future, as they come to all of us.

The Arab scapegoats grow less convincing year by year, despite the Anglo-French aberration over Suez, for the Arabs have reasserted themselves, their nationalism now is established and an accepted fact. The dilemma that now faces them is the one that besets all radical movements in the hour of victory—that the more they seek to define their future purpose, the more disagreement is bound to be provoked. This does not mean that the traditional vision of unity must, or will be, altogether abandoned, but only that it has to acquire new and more realistic forms, far removed from the simple dream of a united state stretching from the Atlantic to the Persian Gulf.

That most perceptive of nineteenth-century British travelers in the Middle East, Charles Doughty, once observed that the Arab was like a man sitting in a cloaca with his brow touching heaven—a man, in other words, who escaped the squalor of reality by dreaming noble dreams. This makes good poetry but bad politics—as, you might say, the frog and the scorpion discovered when reality overcame their dreams in midstream. The need now in the Arab world is to reconcile the two, the cloaca with heaven, to show that the Arab character is not irrevocably concerned with scapegoats, or with playing at frogs and scorpions, but is capable of accepting in maturity the disillusionment that is the price of progress.

Must the Church Be Western?

Ecumenics and the East

THOMAS E. BIRD

SEVERAL warm contacts between Catholics and Orthodox have taken place since Pope John closed the first session of Vatican II nearly a year ago. In July the Holy See dispatched two legates to Moscow to participate in celebrations marking the Golden Jubilee of the episcopal consecration of Patriarch Alexei. They returned speaking of the "extraordinary faith and piety of the people" and the "apostolic spirit of young Orthodox priests." Later that same month Pope Paul received a group of Orthodox professors and students from Greece, and in September he received Metropolitan Nikodim of Minsk in private audience.

Pope John sent full documentation of the First Session of the Council to the Ecumenical Patriarch and, indicative of Moscow's concern for Orthodox unity, a complete report of the work of that session and of "the contacts made by the Russian observers with Vatican circles" was given to the Holy Synod of Athens by Patriarch Alexei.

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The Second Session opened with nearly twice as many guests from Orthodox, Anglican and Protestant churches as were in attendance at the first session. Orthodox delegate-observers came from the Orthodox Church of Cyprus and the Patriarchate of Moscow, though not from the Orthodox Church of Greece. Roman Catholic relations with the Greek Church are at a new low. The Patriarchate of Rumania and the autonomous Orthodox Churches of Czechoslovakia and Hungary were awaiting approval by their synods before dispatching observers.

Within the Western Church a matter of significance was the granting to the Secretariat for Christian Unity a position of complete equality with the other ten Council commissions (with the implication that it would continue after the close of the council as a curial office) and the establishment of a separate undersecretariat to deal with Orthodox affairs.

Despite these evidences of positive attitudes, the overall situation is far from optimistic. The schema dealing with the Eastern Churches has been severely criticized

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for not coming to grips with the major problems. It was described as "absolutely Platonic . . . avoiding any reference to the most important point of all . . . [Rome's] attitude toward autocephaly. What concerns the Eastern Churches is the Roman supremacy of jurisdiction and . . . the supremacy of the Pope and the doctrinal authorities."

Two major pronunciamentos regarding Eastern Christendom and especially Orthodoxy have emanated from Rome recently. Pope Paul, speaking at the Monastery of St. Nil in Grottaferrata in August, praised "these old and great Eastern Churches" and went on to "issue an invitation" to unite with the Roman Church, which he termed "the only tree of the unity of Christ." The graciousness of his remarks and the pedigree of papal solicitude for the Eastern rites which he cited was not lost upon the Orthodox. Nor was the significance of his "invitation" to "return." The Primate of the Church of Greece replied to the "invitation" by calling the Roman Catholic Church "centralist and absolutist" and by charging that it was "futile" to send observers to the Vatican Council.

The second statement was made by Metropolitan Josyf Slipyi of Lvov, who was released earlier this year after nearly twenty years of detention in the Soviet Union. In a television interview he said the Eastern Orthodox Church "must surrender its autonomy to the Roman Pope if unity is to be achieved . . . [because] there is no place for Eastern autonomy just as there is no place for Western autonomy [since] the jurisdiction of the Pope is supreme. . . ."

The Orthodox Church of Greece has been as violently opposed to any official contact with the Roman Catholic Church as the Church of Russia has been assiduous in cultivating it. The Exarch of the Ecumenical Patriarch in the United States, Archbishop Iakovos, leveled the accusation a year ago that the Vatican's manner of extending invitations to each autonomous Orthodox Church reflected an "uncooperative attitude . . . toward the Ecumenical throne" and "was apparently aimed at disrupting Orthodox unity and undermining the authority of the Ecumenical Patriarch." Having announced his Church's intent to boycott the second Pan-Orthodox conference on Rhodes during the fourth week of September, Archbishop Chrysostomos of Athens requested the Greek Government to forbid the conference. (The Ecumenical Patriarch had called the meeting to decide whether to send observers to Rome and whether and how to propose a dialogue between Orthodoxy and Catholicism). Meanwhile the Pan-Hellenic Orthodox Union issued a statement warning that the Rhodes meetings could lead "to a split in Orthodoxy and bring us into contact with the Papists, who are treacherously working for the enslavement of the Orthodox Church."

The Greek Primate and the Pan-Hellenic Union speak with the voice of entrenched anti-Roman conservatism. Recognizing this, the Roman authorities have tended to disregard all non-reunion sentiments by Orthodox spokesmen as "unrepresentative." An important segment of Orthodox opinion is thus overlooked. The 1961 Pan-Orthodox conference and the Standing Conference of Orthodox Bishops in America have resolutely charged the Roman Catholic Church with proselytism and uniatism. They have proclaimed that the Eastern rites of the Catholic Church as presently constituted are "a real impediment and obstacle to any genuine attempts by the Churches to achieve real unity."

THE CRUX of the plight of the Eastern-rite Churches is the difficulty of providing for the *orientalium dignitas*, whose rites, customs, and spirituality were formed in the patristic era, within the Church's post-Tridentine structure which has been so informed and transformed by western European and scholastic influences. Innumerable statements (and *faits accomplis*) of the several curial Congregations, no less than the greater part of the new code of Eastern Canon Law indicate how little understood the Eastern-rite Churches are, how violently unwanted they have been by some of the highest officials in the Catholic Church. Respect for the rights and traditions of the Eastern Churches, so often proclaimed by the Holy See, has for so long been ignored and violated by Latin Catholics that, as a Melkite prelate recently wrote, "their action has laid the pope and his Curia open to a charge either of duplicity or of dangerous weakness. . . ."

A critique of the status of the Uniat Churches during the last two pontificates shows a notable increase of their hierarchies and a significant extension of jurisdiction. But regrettably, this is always done in the context of "faculties" and "reservations," appropriate and applicable, perhaps, to the Western patriarchate but totally out of line with Eastern usage, tradition and mentality. Even the honors accorded the Eastern rite can be awkward. Msgr. Gabriel Acacius Coussa was elevated to the episcopate and became the first Eastern-rite cleric named Secretary of the Congregation for the Oriental Church. While the appointment of an Easterner was *per se* highly desirable, in order that he func-

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tion effectively in the Curia, Archbishop Coussa was made a cardinal, at which point he outranked his own patriarch.

In America, the Eastern-rite Churches have additional problems. A well-known Russian Catholic priest recently wrote: "At the present time the situation is such that psychologically there is no room yet in the Church for the Greek or Russian people." An explanation for the reason was given by an editor of one of the Eastern-rite diocesan newspapers: "The Byzantine rite in America . . . has reached the point where it is merely a Western mentality dressed in Eastern externalism. . . . In an extreme effort to prove to the Latin rite that we are Catholic, we have slowly over the years relinquished our Eastern and patristic outlook. . . . Even in our seminaries the Fathers are neglected in favor of St. Thomas. . . . we have become totally Westernized in our way of thought to such an extent that our Eastern externalism is a contradiction."

THE presence of the Eastern Catholic Churches at Vatican II gives some grounds for hope that a new awareness is spreading, and that Latin-rite Counter-Reformation modes of thought and spiritual orientation need not be the norms for the entire Catholic Church. The only Eastern patriarch in the Sacred College, Cardinal Tappouni, Patriarch of the Syrians, was one of the ten presidents of the General Congregations of the Council during the first session. A Melkite archbishop was one of the five Undersecretaries. Of the four moderators named by Pope Paul to preside at the second session, one, Cardinal Agagianian, is of the Eastern rite. Pope John saw to it that nearly every rite and nationality was represented on the Commission for the Oriental Churches. (Even so, however, one-third of the Commission is made up of Latin-rite prelates). The number of Latin-rite cardinals appointed to the Curial Congregation for the Oriental Church was nearly doubled under Pope John in order to involve as broad a cross-section of the Latin church as possible in the affairs of the Christian East. Belatedly but happily the six Oriental patriarchs have also been named "aggregate members" of this Congregation.

Probably the most important development emerging from the Council will prove to be none of these honors conferred on the East by the Holy See but rather a step which the Eastern patriarchs have taken themselves, the establishment of machinery for mutual collaboration and consultation. As Father Gregory Baum has noted "the creation of [such] episcopal conferences as legislative bodies is already a partial exercise of the bishops' collegiality."

Since the East views Rome simply as the Patriarchate of the West (and hence limited to the Latin rite), it is reluctant to grant her the right to function universally and is indignant that authority in Eastern Christian affairs so often rests in practice not with the Universal Primate but with curial officials, frequently enough not competent (in either sense) to deal with the problems at hand. This bureaucratic problem is merely exacerbated by the "opposition of some Latin bishops . . . to allow the creation of separate [Eastern-rite] dioceses in their territory" while Latin-rite Catholics "have their own hierarchy everywhere even when they are in a tiny minority." There are in America approximately 125,000 Maronites and 50,000 Melkites who have not so much as a Vicar General of their own rite but are subject to the Latin ordinaries. 10,000 Italo-Greeks and 5,000 Syrians have no priests or parochial organization. However when the Latin patriarchate of Jerusalem was re-established a century ago the Latin-rite population numbered 4,000. In the "diaspora," Latin *archdioceses* in Greece, Iraq, and Turkey listed populations of 3,000; 2,180; 1,930; and 190 in the latest data released by the Vatican.

One provision of Canon Law permits an Eastern non-Catholic to adopt any rite he wishes, including the more prosperous and prestigious Latin, while requiring Western Christians who join the Church to adopt the Latin rite. Jews cannot be received into the Church by clergy of the native Melkite church, but only by Latin-rite authorities. Eastern clergy may not engage in any missionary activity outside their dioceses without special permission, which means that the Catholic Church's missionary effort is virtually a Latin-rite preserve. Even more troubling to Eastern Catholic hierarchies is the unprecedented appointment of patriarchs by the Curia, the patriarchal office having been filled for centuries by vote of the bishops.

While the Holy See has issued a stream of affirmations of esteem and veneration of the Christian East, these sentiments have been all but totally nullified by the curial officials and by the Latin hierarchies throughout the world. Constant proclamation of Rome's good intentions counts for very little against a background of so many broken promises and such flagrant disavowal of papal policy by Latin hierarchs and clergy working in Eastern-rite lands. The only way that the Orthodox will ever be convinced that their autonomy can and will be respected in communion with Rome will be for the Bishop of Rome to honor the prerogatives of those churches already united around him.

A member of the Melkite patriarchal curia has written: "What truly is Orthodoxy? She is simply the Church, under a non-Roman aspect. The 'Eastern Church' is of an authentic Catholicity: with a non-Roman birth, organization and development on the external, historic level, palpable and clear as day. A first and foremost difficulty is to get the average Catholic (be he prelate or theologian) to perceive, to admit,—yes, to see the Orthodox Church in her truth: an authentic, apostolic Christianity, historically non-Roman."

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One Man's Fancy

Salesman, Sell Thyself

WILFRID SHEED

IF YOU would care to see the soul of an industry exposed and mounted, you might take a look at *Confessions of an Advertising Man* by David Ogilvy (Atheneum, $4.95). Mr. Ogilvy germinated among other things the Hathaway eye-patch and the deodorized Greek statue; and here, in what may turn out to be a whole new literary genre, he germinates himself.

The book illustrates precisely how a good advertising man would go about providing a brand-image for himself, how he would set about metamorphosing into one of his own top-quality products. By the end, one pictures him chained to a nest-egg, sniffing heather in a bogus English pub.

The basis of his method is to admit quite candidly to an utterly charming collection of vices. You mightn't suppose that avarice, deceit and overbearingness would be terribly winning in themselves: but you should see what a first-rate copy-writer can do with them. Ogilvy emerges as one of the most lovable rascals in literature, all-too human, with zest for living, the whole bit. Venality becomes simply the only thing this year—you mean to say you haven't tried it?

Along with his arsenal of O. K. vices go two thoroughly pre-tested virtues: a formidable capacity for hard work, and an unbelievable capacity for relaxation. Ogilvy not only puts in more hours at his desk than anyone else; he also takes frequent holidays, long-country walks, liberating baths—in short, spends more time *away* from his desk than anyone else. No wonder his subordinates admire him almost to distraction; he should patent the formula some day and add it to his chi-chi line.

I won't even go into the crisp decisiveness of his many irresistible, account-seducing pranks. Long before the end of the book, I had seriously begun to wonder whether Ogilvy really existed at all. The quality-ad hero of the *Confessions* might just as easily have been some sort of mannequin, along the lines of Commander Whitehead, carefully tailored to produce certain effects: to get you to travel to Scotland, perhaps, or simply to like advertising. One imagines him being put together by a group of desperate men on the way home to Westport: a metaphor distilled from *New Yorker* ads and very best tweed (his jacket photo bears out this theory rather startlingly). Anyway, real or otherwise, he has some interesting things to say about advertising. That claustrophobic effect you may have noticed, for instance, stems from the limitations of the form: the rules for writing an ad are, according to Ogilvy, as inflexible as the rules for writing a sonnet. (What would happen to a brain that was subjected to approximately 1,500 sonnets a day is not discussed.)

Humorous advertising is frowned upon in the best circles. Housewives who are looking for something to buy are in no mood for joking, Ogilvy advises sternly. The rest of us, who are not looking for something to buy, but just possibly for entertainment, must fend for ourselves, in the resulting wasteland of solemn sales-pitches. Yet Ogilvy doesn't care at all for all the vulgar hawking that constitutes the essence of television, and he believes that, eventually, reforms will be necessary there. But I fear that he underestimates the sheer boringness of *all* advertising—even tasteful, informative advertising. The problem is not so much one of taste or responsibility; but of how much raw trading anyone can stand in his life. At present, the characteristic sound of our times is the dirge of selling; the characteristic sight is the product held on high, mounted above a simper; the phrase we hear in our dreams is so-many dollars and ninety-eight cents. This is Mr. Ogilvy's sonnet-form and frankly I don't care for it.

WHAT somebody must by now have called "ad nauseam" is not much helped by good-taste and responsibility. Nothing could be drearier than responsible product-information—even when it is injected with spurious bounce and brightness, as Mr. Ogilvy's copy tends to be. On the other hand, Bert and Harry Piel, who may not have gone over with those grim housewives, nor conveyed any information worth having, certainly extended the sufferance of the rest of us for advertising in general. The good, humorous ad has tremendous "institutional" advantages; it sets us up for a deal of solemn nonsense that we would otherwise have fended off. It gives us a kindlier view of the whole mess—and the business as a whole should be grateful for this.

The great pathos of the book (and of the industry) is the great resourcefulness and imagination that is

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constantly being ploughed into the sub-art form. Mr. Ogilvy is always on the look-out for creative people—although, typically, he doesn't believe the word creative means anything either (it is vintage Ogilvy to denounce a vogue word and to make use of it at the same time). But what a fate for creative people; what a disproportionate object for their talents.

Mr. Ogilvy obscures the basic nature of his work with lots of literary references and lightly-worn culture. Even so, the great Jeeves uses similar means to make us forget that he is a valet. Now it is obviously not the fault of advertising that it is the best use to which creative talent can be put in our civilization; nor, of course, is it in any sense dishonorable work. But when a man like Ogilvy begins to invest it with what sounds like real value, to talk of it as fit work for creative people, it becomes necessary to fix it clearly in our own minds and to place it where it belongs in relation to our other pursuits.

Mr. Ogilvy represents incomparably the better side of selling; as chance would have it, I was recently thrown against the worst side too. I received in the mail some tickets to a T.V. preview, with a covering letter which told me that if I played ball, I would feel like "part of a team" in years to come—an irresistible invitation. As soon as we got there, we were asked to shake the hand of the person behind us. After our spirits had been crushed by this maneuver we were asked to list which of a variety of soap-powders we should like to win, and after that, which shampoo—well, I won't catalogue all the indignities that being part of the team entailed. The real point of the evening was to judge two pilot-comedies of breathtaking unoriginality. Each of these films was divided into twenty-five segments, and each segment was to be judged on its own—an extraordinary and revealing approach to art. Television stories do not use "building" scenes as serious plays do, because they have to make every minute tell: so, in place of structure, you get these clotted sequences of gag-situations leading nowhere. The object is to hang onto your lapel until selling time comes round again.

AFTER each film, we were asked to give our frank opinions of the whole effect. A friend of mine was convinced that there were ringers in the audience for this one piece of imaginative work (everything else had been in the nature of true or false). But in any case, their comments were of a piece with the films. "I thought it was lovely," "excellent for the whole family," etc. Banality called to banality across the void.

We were also asked our opinions about the commercials—which was no easy task, for by then one could hardly remember which was commercial and which was play: the same glossy-finish, the same fragmented call to attention characterized everything. But what was really frightening was not so much the show as the audience. These people (there were honorably surly exceptions, of course) gave the impression of being television-saturated. They issued little sighs of delight and recognition whenever certain names were mentioned. They did what they were told with a gruesome sort of zest. This was their world, and one deduced a grim continuity between this dreadful place and their real lives. In these affairs, you are, of course, totally manipulated and most subtly degraded throughout. This particular master of ceremonies treated us as children, and we apparently loved it. His mechanical joking produced a response so equally mechanical that I began to wonder whether we weren't canned after all.

We were, in some curious way, part of a great mega-commercial ourselves; we were part of the business of buying and selling (*that* was the team). As a group of average soft-heads, our banal opinions were presumed to have cash value, and would later be sold to some network. The M. C. treated us pretty much as we deserved. The little pink ballpoint pens they gave us on the way out were a pretty fair reward.

Gislebertus Hoc Fecit

"These, too, see the horror"

Simon Magus, he too,
Falling unavailing wings
I carve, stone chipped
Peter's key, claw-toed devil,
Wings, horns I carve—
A tribute; my worship.

Glass eyes for demons
Bishop's gift; chisel
Blest cuts rock—
Simon's wings proud and
Straight I carve—
A tribute; my worship.

Night falls—I cannot see;
Back at dawn, Simon's
Face I'll carve, loud
As agony, strong as fire,
Hair short, eyes know—
A tribute; my worship.

Crystal eyes I'll ask
The bishop—Simon's fall—
He sees what mere glass
Cannot tell—crystal for
Simon, gold for his wings—
A tribute; my worship.

T. D. C. Kuch

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THE SCREEN

Quite Contrary

OF ALL Hollywood products, the least predictable (and hardest to review) are comedies. That is probably why the studios turn so often to established stage plays, many of which have pre-sold audiences anxious to see the play they heard so much about or eager to enjoy again the jokes and situations they laughed at in the legitimate theater. Even the tested plays, however, must be handled with imagination and cinema know-how in the transference from one medium to the other. And it must be realized that not all theater is grist for the movie mill.

It was obvious that the long-running, highly-successful "Mary, Mary," Jean Kerr's play with the single set, thin plot and plethora of witty dialogue, would present problems to any film maker. But it hardly seems possible that producer-director Mervyn LeRoy and his scriptwriter Richard L. Breen could have made such an inept movie out of such an amusing comedy. There was no reason why practically the entire action (inaction, really) had to be confined to the living room of that one apartment—like the first talkies that were made back in the thirties. Nor is there any reason why, since most of the bright Kerr lines are still there, director LeRoy couldn't have led his cast into putting them over more intelligently.

Barry Nelson overacts and mugs as the harassed husband who "married Mary because she was so direct and straightforward and said exactly what she meant," and who is divorcing her for the same reason. Debbie Reynolds, far too pretty and skittish as the insecure Mary hiding behind flip wisecracks, is so busy trying to play the role à la Barbara Bel Geddes, who played it on the stage, that I wondered at times if Barbara's voice had been dubbed into the sound track. Michael Rennie is sufficiently suave and sneaky as the movie star and frustrated author who attracts Mary and makes Barry jealous. When the script describes this book as something "they certainly won't make a movie out of," it must have been talking about "Mary, Mary." They didn't.

A LITTLE more lively cinematically is the movie version of "Take Her, She's Mine," which stems from the stage play by Phoebe and Henry Ephron. Producer-director Henry Koster and scriptwriter Nunnally Johnson wisely took the action and settings out of the living room; and while this film won't startle you with witty or penetrating observations, it does have its amusing scenes and funny lines which the cast makes the most of.

The plot is concerned mainly with the president of a board of education (James Stewart) who is being investigated by the board for getting into unbecoming scrapes. Flashbacks reveal what happened in each case, how Stewart was investigating the difficulties his daughter (Sandra Dee) got into at college and while studying art in Paris. The liberal-minded daughter wasn't too far off base in each affair, but her nosey, naïve father became the butt of the joke and contretemps. Some of the jokes get stretched out a little too far, but Koster and his cast, which includes Philippe Forquet, Audrey Meadows, John McGiver and especially Robert Morley, manage to win laughs. The point, if any, is that elders should keep up with their kids.

IN SOME cases it would be better if ill-advising elders left kids alone—and if some plays were left on the stage, or better yet, in the minds of their authors. "Under the Yum-Yum Tree," based on the play by Lawrence Roman who wrote the movie script with director David Swift, strains so hard to be risqué that the whole thing becomes a tasteless mess. Its story about a young college couple (attractively played by Carol Lynley and Dean Jones) who decide to experiment with "living together but not sleeping together" might have been palatable if worked out sensibly and to a logical conclusion. But this so-called comedy is more interested in being titillating with off-color jokes and situations. The young couple's landlord (hammed by Jack Lemmon to the hilt) is a lecherous guy who usually rents only to women, whom he considers fair game. He leers at Carol, is annoyed to discover her roommate is a man, and then proceeds to keep their experiment platonic by wearing out Dean Jones in the gymnasium so that Jack, himself, can pursue the girl.

Not satisfied with the racy set-up, "Under the Yum-Yum Tree" also includes a marriage counsellor (Edie Adams) who earlier moved out of Carol's apartment because she got tired of Jack; a gardener played by Paul Lynde who leers and slobbers more than Jack over his boss' peeping-tom activities; and Jack's housekeeper played by Imogene Coca who is the picture's only very bright and very funny asset. Until the next one comes along, "Yum-Yum Tree" will probably stand as the prize example of Hollywood indiscretion.

MADE from an original screenplay by Earl Hammer, Jr., "Palm Springs Weekend" is a vacuous movie about college and high-school boys and girls gathered at the California resort for the Easter holiday. One wonders what on earth the scriptwriter could have thought was original about it. It has the usual handsome boys from the Warners collection—Ty Hardin, Troy Donahue, Robert Conrad; and it has some attractive girls, led by Stefanie Powers, Connie Stevens, Zeme North. And it has the usual comedy scenes, led in this case by Jack Weston as the basketball coach, Carole Cook as the hotel proprietor, and Jerry Van Dyke as the boy who can't find a girl. And it has the usual cavorting by the

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swimming pool, at parties and nightclubs. Some of the activity is just playful fun, and some is concerned with sex, but there's no point to any of it. Its cast, as in most pictures of this kind, should have graduated from school and this kind of nonsense long ago.

ANOTHER original screenplay that's not very "original" is "A New Kind of Love," written, produced and directed by Melville Shavelson. It's a Cinderella story about a department-store career girl (Joanne Woodward) who dresses mannishly and is even mistaken for a man by the hero-reporter (Paul Newman) until she goes to Paris, is attracted to Paul, has herself made over, and wins his attention when he thinks she's a call girl. Shavelson tried to brighten this flimsy, tired plot with off-color lines and situations, some of which are funny, but most of which push too hard and actually detract from the movie. The color photography, the Parisian fashion displays, and the picture's technical tricks are outstanding. It's too bad they had to be wasted on such mediocrity. Shavelson, who's responsible for the whole thing, must realize that even with an "original," the play's the thing. PHILIP T. HARTUNG

THE STAGE

A Hit and a Success

NEIL Simon's new comedy, "Barefoot in the Park," is the kind of popular stage piece Broadway is always feverishly searching for, without any clear notion of what its elements are or any ability to analyze them even when the work has made one of its annual or biennial appearances. It is enough to know that success is in the air. To be a hit means, on Broadway, to not be a flop; to be good means to not be thought bad; to be intelligent means to not be thought stupid. In this negative fashion the commercial theater organizes the life of its products and distributes its praise and blame. Thus "Mary, Mary," which has almost no intelligence or humor or originality, rests on the same eminence with "Barefoot in the Park," which possesses those qualities to a reasonable degree. Since both have been acclaimed, they share the same existence, having been given their being by the fact of being a hit.

Mr. Simon's little endeavor, it should scarcely be necessary to say, is as ephemeral as a theatrical offering is possible to be (how perpetually astonishing it is, thirty seconds after the last curtain call, not to be able to remember a single thing that has happened). But there is nothing wrong with this, once you adjust your values. If Broadway presented only plays of this kind—inoffensive, rather charming, adroitly directed and performed, corrupting nothing—there would be no reason to complain, since the street would then be doing exclusively what it does best and we would be entirely free to look elsewhere, as we now do fretfully in any case, for solid, permanent, light-spreading works of dramatic art. But of course a comedy like "Barefoot in the Park" is extremely rare, and perhaps the chief reason for its being rare is that it is indistinguishable in the Broadway mind from "The Marriage-Go-Round" and "Mary, Mary."

Mr. Simon's chief virtue is his ease. He has a minor comic imagination and is wise enough—or has been helped to be wise enough—not to force it too far, with the result that he lets his inconsequential fable about life among the newly-married take itself casually into moderately amusing, because relatively free and unprepared, situations, instead of tamping it all down into one central, dragooned situation where comedy becomes the self-congratulating recognition of the familiar. He allows his young couple to inhabit their sixth-floor post-honeymoon walkup with some unpredictability and personal edge; he brings in auxiliary characters not in order to advance a spurious narrative but to extend the area of humorous surprise and spontaneous invention; he throws away a great many lines which a more mechanical contriver of entertainments would hang onto for dear life.

And he is immeasurably assisted by his director, Mike Nichols, who has resisted all but one temptation to try to get laughs from something which is guaranteed to be innately funny—his one lapse concerns the putative drolleries of having to climb six flights of stairs—and by his cast, which is, with one exception, almost brilliant in its deftness and ability to fill out comic lines with exactly illuminating contributory movement. The delinquent is Elizabeth Ashley, whose pointy little beauty, like that of a Pepsi-Cola siren, mannered delivery in which every sentence ends on an interrogatory, and habit of scrambling over the furniture like the incarnation of young *Mademoiselle* womanhood, nearly spoiled my moments of delight. But Kurt Kaszner, a ham but an engaging one, Mildred Natwick, a cool, unhurried, adroit matron's matron, and, especially, Robert Redford, an amazingly talented young naturalist, kept those moments safe.

But there is one more crucial thing to say about "Barefoot in the Park." It concerns the response that has been made to it. In the way that Jean Kerr's ersatz piece and Mr. Simon's largely genuine one have been awarded the same medal, the various parts of Mr. Simon's work have been admired indiscriminately, both the daily reviewers and the audience on the night I attended (and on other nights, I have been informed) reacting to everything with equal pleasure. Yet there are a good many conventional and simply unfunny lines in "Barefoot in the Park":

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"Did you miss me today?" "No." "Why?" "Because you called me eight times."

"Stand still—the both of you." (Spoken of course by a drunk.)

"When you were a little girl you said you wanted to live on the moon. I thought you were joking." (The reference is to the sky-lighted sixth-floor apartment.)

The audience roared with precisely the same degree of happiness at these and similar inadequacies as it did when it was informed that the inhabitant of another apartment in the building had never been seen, the only clue being six empty tuna-fish cans left in the hall each morning, which elicited the guess that it was a big cat with an can-opener; or when it was told about the hazards of elderly women traveling alone, there having been a recent case of such an adventurer falling off a cruise ship and going entirely unmissed. But a hit is a hit is a hit, and in the atmosphere of one, discriminations and comparative judgments are as out of place as objections at a wedding. (*At the Biltmore*)

THE Gertrude Steinism employed above has its own virtue, but it also serves to remind me to pay tribute to the most truly enjoyable, as distinguished from not unenjoyable, evenings I have spent in the theater this year. I had been hearing good things about The Judson Poets' Theater, which operates in a far-seeing and socially responsible Baptist church in the Village, but I had not seen any of their work until I finally succumbed to the insistence of friends who had. Well, the Judson production of Miss Stein's tiny play, "What Happened," was without any question a minor masterpiece, more inventive, more high-spirited and more animate than anything I have seen recently at the higher levels of professionalism. Under Lawrence Kornfeld's astute direction, and with splendid music by Al Carmines, the church's assistant rector, the work employs three male singers, a pianist and five female dancers who are called upon for a combination of dance, mime, speech, song and capers, and the best way to describe it is that it has found perfect musical and visual equivalents for Miss Stein's incantatory cliché-overturning language. A triumph of total theater, "What Happened" was the most hopeful event this increasingly desperate pilgrim of the theatrical apocalypse has witnessed in many a week, month and even year.

RICHARD GILMAN

CORRESPONDENCE

"The Newman Apostolate"

Palo Alto, Calif.

TO THE EDITORS: I wish to comment briefly on James O'Gara's column of October 4 on the Newman Apostolate. As a Newman chaplain for thirteen years, I can only say *amen* with enthusiasm to his plea for more interest, more manpower, and more status for the Newman Apostolate.

But the article has one real flaw for me: the repeated use of the word "club." The sooner we shake off the image of the Catholic church on the secular campus which is evoked by "club," the sooner the status we need will be achieved.

It is my prayer that bishops and lay people everywhere will soon realize that a university is very much a community—and should be considered so from the ecclesiastical standpoint. It needs to be as much like a parish as possible: a place where the faculty-student world finds its spiritual center in its own church or chapel, with the liturgical life strong and vigorous.

Sub-groupings for social or educational or service objectives will naturally be formed, as in a territorial city parish. But the Catholic community in the university is not a club, or a ghetto, or a pressure-group. It is rather part of the whole university community, and a very important part—the leaven in it.

Freshmen, arriving with the conditioned viewpoint born of well-meant advice to "join the Newman Club," always ask when the Newman Club meetings are held and how often. I must then train them to see that the Newman movement is "meeting" whenever they are at Mass, when they take part in a dormitory discussion group, identify with a campus effort in behalf of social justice, or attend a religious lecture in the university lecture series.

So let us speak of the Newman Apostolate, or Movement, but let us bury the club. (*Rev.*) JOHN S. DURYEA
Catholic Chaplain
Stanford University

Strauss

There's not enough written about the waltz,
Not nearly enough about the crowned prince
And his cohorts. Strauss
Was a greater Hapsburg than Rudolf I,
Charles V or Franz Josef.
He did not shoot himself.
He wrote fireworks that could be displayed
On polished floors, beneath chandeliers.
His conscripted thousands
Moved to music. When guns
Had to be wheeled through October muck
And men were ordered to break their backs
In help of horses, where was Strauss?
Fifteen years dead. But the men in the field
Lived eons before him. He was a mind
In a man. They were puppets.

JAMES SULLIVAN

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The Information Trap

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

A CHILDREN'S book is an adult creation from thought content to material object, and it is mostly through adult hands that it finally reaches the child. So do toys. Children may enjoy toys or stories of their own creation—there is time and place for these activities in a child's world—but children have also a latent thirst for what is nearer perfection, what is matured, what is food to their sensibility and mind because it liberates their hitherto unknown possibilities. It is therefore fitting that the creation of children's books be left to adults.

However, when it comes to buying, some people have held, from time to time, that it should be left entirely to children. This presupposes that children are not only endowed with an unfailing intuitive, discerning sense of appreciation, but that they are also acquainted from the start with an innate knowledge of the whole field of children's literature past and present. Though fundamentally unsound this Rousseauist attitude is not entirely wrong—glancing at this fall's output of children's books one wonders whether many of them would have been published had children been the prospective buyers. Indeed, with well over one thousand new titles every year, it looks as if the children remain cheated. The quantity is there, and, as material objects, the books are good and often excellent. But this tremendous and worthy effort is not paralleled by excellence of content.

Let me acknowledge at once that, fortunately, there are numerous and inspiring exceptions, to wit the list following this article and which, in so short a space, cannot do justice to everyone. However, a general perusal leaves this reviewer with the impression that this fall's output is top-heavy in one category, that of non-fiction, and quite thin in the matter of story content.

Looking through the piles of books, one is overwhelmed by the amount of non-fiction, books of information about everything under the sun, in all fields of knowledge. Undoubtedly children are avid readers of information books, especially from the age of ten on when successive kinds of interest are apt to enlist their undivided attention. Then it is desirable that they may have at their disposal attractive books on their pet project, and we can be pleased that we have such an ample supply of good ones.

But instructive works are far from covering a child's whole interest. Yet it looks as if the children's book market had become obsessed by the idea that children should learn something "useful" every minute, probably in order to hasten them on the road first to college, then to dollars. That both the latter may be necessary no one will deny, but to take it for granted that they are sufficient is obviously a dangerous error of judgment. The fact that our scope of knowledge is ever, and rapidly, expanding does not justify a monotype mental diet. We cannot help the growth of the whole man through sheer information and know-how no matter how good the books. Children themselves look instinctively for something else in a book when they speak of story-books as "real books" against the other kind which seem but textbooks in disguise. That is the reason why one cannot help wondering whether the non-fiction output would reach such proportions were children the buyers.

A CHILD'S factual and technical curiosity does not constitute his whole make-up nor does it sum up his entire longing. He is also eager for a release of his imagination, a freeing of his fancy, an escape for his mind into the possibilities of an adventure, enchantment with rhythm, a discovery in human relationship, a glimpse at inner meaning, a probing of himself. Up to the age of twelve, are not "real books" for him those which meet best that fundamental, humanist hunger? Everybody knows that, and yet there is the seemingly frantic race for cramming more and more formal knowledge in children's minds, even during leisure hours, thereby threatening the free flight of the spirit.

Turning to the story-books themselves, the "real books" in this fall's output, one notices that some of them are indeed outstanding, but they are drowned in a sea of nothingness. As the years go by it seems that the energy and talent of more and more people are channeled into feeding an ever-growing, all-absorbing, book information industry for the young. Indeed, many non-fiction books are extremely well written whereas one has to wade through swamps of mediocre stories before striking the firm ground of a top notch adventure or fantasy. For a great book like *A Boy of Prague*, an

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MRS. BISHOP is well-known as an author of children's books. Among them are the following: *All Alone, Augustus, The Big Loop, Blue Spring Farm, The Man Who Lost His Head, Pancakes-Paris, Toto's Triumph, Twenty and Ten, Bernard and His Dogs, Christopher and the Giant, The Ferryman, Five Chinese Brothers, Martin de Porres, Lafayette: French-American Hero,* and most recently, *A Present from Petros.*

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exquisite one like *Little Two and the Peach Tree,* a robust nonsense like *Burt Dow Deep-Water man,* a children's epic like *Hills End,* a moving story like *Roosevelt Grady,* a chuckling tale like *Amelia Bedelia,* an enchanting fantasy like *The Singing Cupboard,* how many dozens of stories are harmful through their insipidity and irrelevance?

A distressing number of stories are not created—they are fabricated. In fact, one can well foresee the day when machines could turn them out better and faster than so-called writers. This is part of "The Treason of the Intellectuals." Only when Julien Benda wrote about it some thirty years ago he did not, of course, think about writers of children's stories. Yet their treason is more despicable than that of writers for adults, especially in today's world when the collective means of the human race's destruction are in the hands of men. Children of today will be in command tomorrow. Sheer technical knowledge will be absolutely necessary, while shallowness and futility may endanger the whole of mankind. Children need to store respect, understanding, concern for human destiny in such a way that these may stand them in good stead later when they have to face the kind of planetary demands the coming age will thrust upon them.

Are writers of children's books conscious of the added responsibility the atomic age entails for their profession, or are they satisfied with two little words, "It sells"? Or, even worse, are all those trite stories coming out from the pens of well-meaning but lethargic people? How can we wake them up? I know but one drastic way —let us not buy their books. Before we make any purchase we should get some help from competent people. Many good lists also are available, such as in *Bequest of Wings* by Annis Duff, *Treasure for the Taking* by Anne Thaxter Eaton, *A Parent's Guide to Children's Reading* by Nancy Larrick, *The Proof of the Pudding* by Phyllis Fenner, and many individual lists such as the outstanding and up-to-date *Books for Friendship* (American Friends Service Committee and B'nai B'rith), the classic reprint *Seven Stories High* (Compton Encyclopedia) and the select *Fifty Years of Children's Books* of the New York Public Library.

Today, more than ever, buying, publishing, illustrating and writing children's books is a serious matter fraught with unforeseen and far-reaching consequences. To be aware of this is not to be a kill-joy. On the contrary, it is an inspiring challenge which should be met with eagerness, enthusiasm and a gaiety that is born of hope.

From "Bring a Torch, Jeannette, Isabella" (Scribners)

A Selected List of Children's Books

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

CHRISTMAS

The Forever Christmas Tree. By Yoshido Uchida. Ill. by Kazue Mizumura. Scribners. $2.95.

How a sour old man in Japan became Takahi's best friend through the wonder of a Christmas Tree. Unusual story well told, with lovely pictures. 4-9.

José's Christmas Secret. By John M. Lexau. Ill. by Don Bolognese. Dial. $2.95.

A fatherless Puerto-Rican family in New York slums, the warm relationship of mother and children, the pluck and determination of a ten-year-old boy. Realistic and moving, it should be a source of pride to Puerto-Rican children and an eye-opener to others who may not see the connection between working to overcome exploitation and the Christmas spirit. 7-11.

Christmas Nutshell Library. By Hilary Knight, Harper. $2.95.

Four miniature books in a box, a delightful present, all gay-colored pictures. It includes the inevitable "The Night Before Christmas." 4-7.

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Mr. Willowby's Christmas Tree. By Robert Barry. McGraw Hill. $2.50.

Very diverting tale of a Christmas tree with a tip which keeps on being chopped off so that many trees bring joy to many people and animals. 5-10.

Joyful the Morning. The story of an English family Christmas. By Nora S. Unwin. McKay. $2.95.

Quaint, warm, Christmasy in a Victorian way which does not exclude liveliness and charm. Grades 8-12.

Christmas Gif'. An anthology of Christmas poems, songs and stories, written by and about Negroes. By Charlemae Rollins. Ill. by Tom O'Sullivan. Follett. $4.95.

Some traditional works from old cabin days, some new ones, all brimful of life and feeling. All ages.

Bring a Torch, Jeannette, Isabella. Pictures by Adrienne Adams. Scribners. $3.25.

The well-known provençal carol with festive full-page colored pictures, and the music score at the end. A lovely Noël for any Christian family

How Mrs. Santa Claus Saved Christmas. By Phyllis McGinley. Ill. by Kurt Werth. Lippincott. $2.95. 3-7.

Lauren Ford's Christmas Book. Text and pictures by Lauren Ford. Scriptures from the Gospel of St. Luke. Dodd, Mead. $4.50. All ages.

The Shepherd's Reward; a Christmas Legend. By Leonard Wibberly. Washburn. $2.50. 7-11.

The Runaway Angel. By Rosalind Welcher. Doubleday, $2.95. 4-8.

Tales of Christmas from Near and Far. Ed. by Herbert H. Wernecke. Westminster. $3.95. 10 up.

PICTURE STORY BOOKS

The Story of Vania for Allessandro, Nicola and Angelica. By Helen Pons. Viking. $3.50.

Where it is proven that sailing adventures in an attic are slightly safer than at sea. A quaint, gay, unusual picture book with a rare understanding of what many children are certain to like. 4-8.

Meet Miki Takino. By Helen Copeland. Ill. by Kurt Werth. Lothrop. $2.95.

He had no grandparents but he was determined to get some. Touching, very satisfactory story in text and pictures. 4-8.

Welcome Child. Story by Pearl Buck. Photos by Alan D. Haas. J. Day. $3.95.

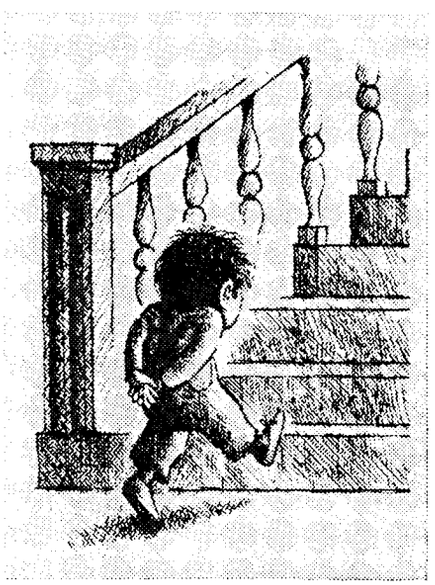
A Korean orphan adapts herself to her foster parents and to America. Written with feeling and understanding by Pearl Buck who herself adopted eight boys and girls and founded "Welcome House." Unaffected and most winning photos. A moving book for the whole family.

All in the Morning Early. By Sorche Nic Leodhas. Ill. by Evaline Ness. Holt. $3.50.

A Scottish nursery tale with bouncing lilt and lovely pictures. A book to enjoy over and over again. 4-8.

A Capital Ship, or The Walloping Window-blind; old English nonsense verse. By Charles E. Carryl. Ill. by Paul Galdone. McGraw-Hill. $2.75.

A classic, brilliantly and humorously revived by a talented artist. 6-10.



From "The Quarreling Book" (Harper & Row)

The Quarreling Book. By Charlotte Zolotov. Ill. by Arnold Lobel. Harper. $1.95.

That day Jonathan James wanted to quarrel about everything until . . . Small, funny, wise in text and pictures. 3-7.

John J. Plenty and Fiddler Dan. By John Ciardi. Ill. by Madeleine Gékière. Lippincott. $2.95.

The classic fable of the Ant and the Grasshopper interpreted anew with originality and gusto by a well-known poet with felicitous drawings by a distinguished artist suitable for children of all ages.

Amelia Bedelia. By Peggy Parish. Ill. by Fritz Siebel. Harper. $1.95.

Amelia's understanding of the King's English was literal—she "drew" the curtains and "dressed" the chicken. Hilarious, and with appropriate funny pictures. 5-10.

Runaway John. By Leonore Klein. Ill. by Sunny B. Warner. Knopf. $2.95.

When he decided to run away there were so many things and people that he simply had to take along with him that it was best to postpone his leaving. This state of mind known to most children at one time or another is well depicted in friendly text and pictures. 4-8.

Rabbit Bros. Circus—One Night Only. By Kurt Wiese. Viking. $3.

In the fast-moving, humorous, unique Kurt Wiese manner, the circus animals give a performance for the rabbits. And what a performance! Children will never tire of it. 4-8.

Mr. Moonlight and Omar. By James Holding. Illustrated by Aliki. Morrow. $3.25.

Omar's father could not pull the plough across the field, neither could Mr. Moonlight the donkey, nor Omar the camel. But young Selim found the solution, which is still in use in Morocco to this day. Illustrations are charming. 5-10.

Burt Dow Deep-Water Man. By Robert McCloskey. Viking. $4.

A whale of a tale, with whales and an old Maine salt. A real boy story in the inimitable McCloskey manner. A sure hit. 5-10.

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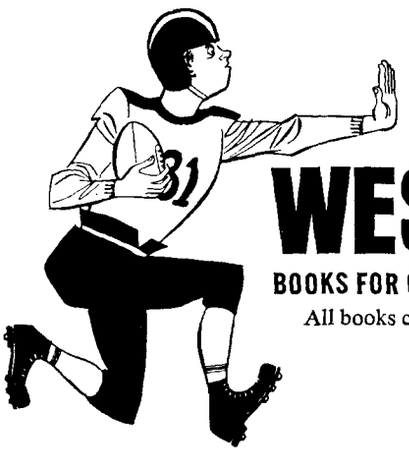

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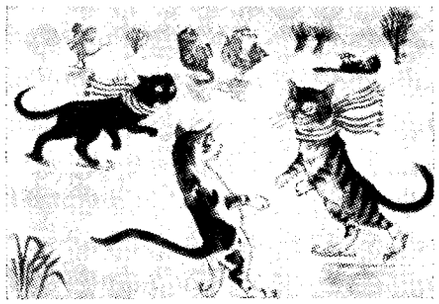

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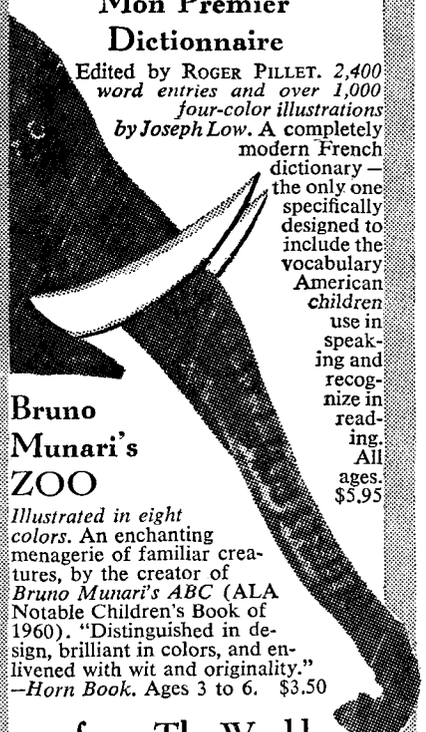

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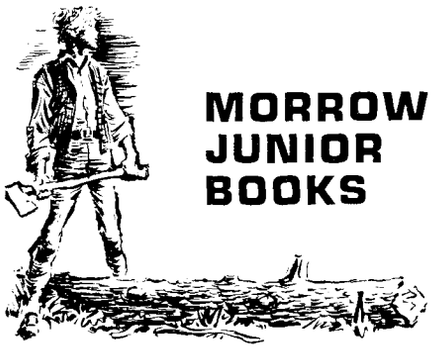

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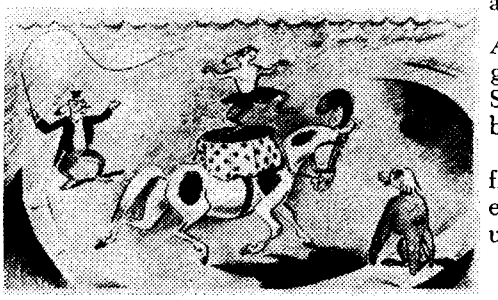

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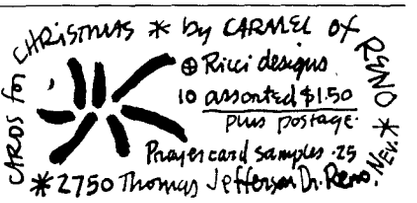
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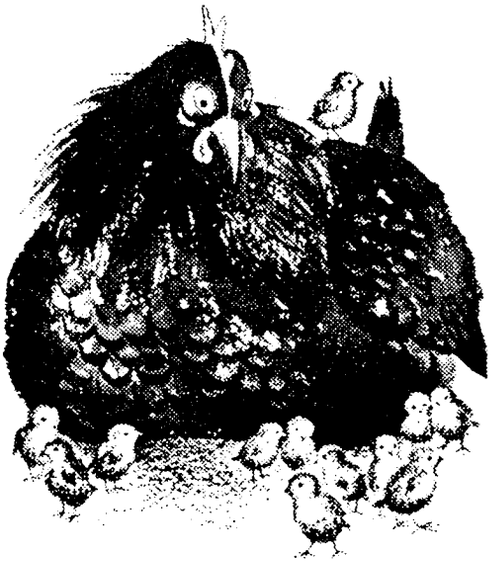

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For the Second Reader

FOR THE SECOND READER, that oft-forgotten man: *Snug in the Snow,* by Elizabeth Low, has a fresh outlook on the changing seasons and one's first snow. *Sink It, Rusty* is Matt Christopher's new basketball story. *Miranda and the Cat,* by Linell Smith, is honest about the nature of an alley cat, and also about friendship. And don't miss Virginia Haviland's new books of *Favorite Fairy Tales: Told in Scotland* is illustrated by Adrienne Adams. *Told in Poland* is illustrated by Felix Hoffmann; and *Told in Spain* is illustrated by Barbara Cooney.

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Information

INFORMATION, current and historical, about people and places: Robert William Hinds' illustrations reflect the sunlight throughout Davis and Ashabranner's *Land in the Sun,* The Story of West Africa. *Our Quaking Earth,* by Elliott Roberts, tells the history and the science of one of the most catastrophic of natural phenomena. In *I, Jessie,* Ruth Painter Randall adds another dynamic young woman to her galaxy of famous wives. *The Battle of New Market,* by Paxton Davis, tells the story of Virginia Military Institute in terms of the cadets' supreme moment of action in the Civil War.

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